Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle: O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
That heauens vault should cracke: O, she is gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth: Lend me a looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mist and staine the stone, she then liues.

Kent. Is this the promist end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? *Alb.* Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues, if it be so, it is a chance that do's redeeme all sorrowes that euer I haue felt.

Kent A my good master.

Lear. Prethee away.

Edg. Tis Noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you murdrous traitors all, I might haue saued her, now shees gone for euer: *Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little. What ist thou sayst? her voice was euer soft, gentle & low, an excellent thing in women. I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee. *Cap.* Tis true my Lords hee did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I ha seene the day, tha. with my biting Fauchion I would haue made them skip: I am old now, and these same crosses spoile me. Who are you? Mine eyes are none o'th best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are not you *Kent*?

Kent. The same your seruant *Kent*, wher is your seruãt *Caius*?

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heel strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hether.

Kent. Nor no man else: All's cheerelesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest daughters haue fore-doom'd themselues,

And

And desperately are dead.

Alb. He knowes not what he
That we present vs to him.

Edgar Very bootlesse.

Cap: Edmund is dead my Lo

Alb: Thats but a trifle heer
know our intent, what comfo
applied: for vs we will resigne
to him our absolute power, yo
such addition as your honors
shall taste the wages of their v
deseruings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore foole
a dog, a horse, a rat haue life, a
wilt come no more, neuer, neu
thanke you sir, O, o, o, o, o.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, m

Lear: Breake heart, I prethe

Edg: Looke vp my Lord.

Kent: Vex not his ghost, O
he hates him much, that woul
Of this tough world stretch h

Edg: O he is gone indeed.

Kent: The wonder is, he ha
He but vsurpt his life.

Duke: Beare them from he
Is to generall woe: friends o
Rule in this kingdome, and t

Kent: I haue a iourney sir,
My master cals, and I must no

Duke The waight of this s
Speake what we feele, not wh
The oldest haue borne most,
Shall neuer see so much, nor l

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